

WAR CRY



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FOOD AND SHELTER.

RESCUE WORK.

PRISON GATE HOME.

CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

PLEASE ALLOW THIS COLLECTING BOX TO STAND UPON YOUR DINNER-TABLE ON SUNDAY

MEAT

PRAYER.
LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.
"THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU"

the ball dress. The garment of holiness is better looking than silks or satins.



The Secret of His Presence.

BY FLORA HORN.

TEXT—Sift in the arms of Jesus.

1 In Jesus' blessed presence

My soul is so sweetly

How precious are the lessons

Learn at my Lord's side;

Earth's cares can never vex me

Now sorrow lay so low;

When Satan comes to tempt me

To Jesus' side I go.

CHORUS.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,

Safe on His gentle breast,

There by His love I breathe;

Sweetly my soul shall rest.

When I am faint and thirsty,

Refresh His mighty wine;

I find a pleasant abode;

There a fresh and crystal stream;

And I find my home;

We hold communion there

And never can I part.

The joy to Him to meet.

CHORUS.

Would you, too, know the sweetness

Of walking with my Lord?

Oh, then beneath His shadow

Thou shalt be free from fear;

Oh, that sweet happy place

Where'er you leave the silence

Of that sweet happy place

Thou shalt find your face

Shining in their love.

CHORUS.

Naught but Vanity.

BY WILLIAMSON LINDSEY.

TEXT—The shell behind the door.

2 I once was going to a place

Where I thought I should be

There a prize before my eyes

Which I thought I should be

I thought to find in pleasure,

But they were not much to me;

I soon found out that all they brought

Was naught but vanity.

CHORUS.

Was naught but vanity, was naught but

naught but vanity.

I soon found out that all of this was naught

but vanity.

So on I travelled in that path, that path

of sin and shame,

Not knowing my Redeemer's call, despising

His great name;

The Calvary teaching story, it had no

thing to me;

The things that I was seeking then were

not of the way,

It was not till I found my life was

vanity.

Now I've turned my face around, my

face I've turned on

And now I've turned my face around, my

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How sacred are the blood-drops

That flowed in that dark hour,

To save a world of sinners

By His redeeming power.

Some day He'll come to gather

The sheep into His fold,

My soul is so sweetly

How precious are the lessons

Learn at my Lord's side;

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Now sorrow lay so low;

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Some Years Ago.

CHORUS.

TEXT—The blood of Jesus cleanses

from all unrighteousness.

7 Some years ago, I'd have you know,

I had been living in a sin;

And thought it fine to set a shine

With whisky's noisy din;

But I gave God my heart,

With pen and quill and ink again, oh, no!

CHORUS.

They'll never have me back again, oh, no,

no, no!

They'll never have me back again, oh, no,

no, no!

Jenna is now my guide, whatever may

befall.

They'll never have me back again, oh, no!

no, no!

To testify I soon did try,

And work for God began;

We don't want the wages of sin,

For I'd been born again.

With the change as would from strange,

Declared it was all lies,

And said, "We soon shall have him back

again."

CHORUS.

And now I fight with all my might

Against the devil and sin;

I love to tell my friends and all

That I'm not a sinner.

They'll never have me back again, oh, no!

no, no!

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Eastern Province Notes

ST. JOHN, N.B., COMING TO BE TURNED INTO A JERUSALEM, AND SOME OTHERS THEREIN.

BY JEREMIAH JARVIS.

"Any news?" "Yes plenty." Some good news and some bad. In the first place, the back of the Lord is against the

realities of war in those parts. It is war, was, and will be, a war.

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